LOOKING FOR A FACE.

She said: "I am resigned," and tried to
strengthen
Her trembling features with a stricken
smile;
"And when these cold winds pass the days
will lengthen;
I shall be braver in a little while."
So, soon the fallen work was reinspected,
Small children's frocks and socks of every
day;
The trifling task, the duty long neglected,
Was taken up and done and put away.

But when each market eve drew near its
resting,
She wandered desolate, into the town,
Where laden fathers laughed, with children
jesting,
The great tears rose again and trickled
down.
Sometimes a voice, with something of the
sweetness
Of his dear tones, would vibrate through
the heat;
Ofttimes a step, with something of the
fleetness
Of his dear feet would echo in the street.

And at the step or tone, the little city,
The flare of lamps, the light jest and the
feud
Died out of her! the stars grew dim with
pity,
In silence trod the phantom multitude,
But, with her fingers clinch'd and pulses
burning,
She pass'd along in agonized despair,
The soul within her eyes alive with yearning,
To see again a face that was not there!

Each cottage room seem'd to be waiting
daily
His sure approach; and when the sun
was kind,
When in the lanes the bonny birds sang
gaily,
She watch'd to see his shadow pass the
blind.
Within the garden wayside weeds assembled,
The lace-like checkweed wove its tender
track;
And, looking out, the mother's white lips
trembled—
"There would be much to do if he came
back."

Her children grew, in virtue and in gladness,
To be her blessings and enrich her days;
No shadows fell on them from her sweet
sadness,
Kind words and actions glorified their
ways.
But while her soul grew greater for the
giving,
Through sacrifice and gain, through flame
and frost,
Through each long hour of every day of
living,
Its hunger strengthened for the love it
lost!

—Edith Rutter, in Chambers' Journal.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

[Copyright 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

"He recognized me, and singled me out with a bow and a smile, then stepped down from the stage and held out his hand cordially.

"'I am glad to meet you, Mr. Hendricks,' he said. 'I hope my talk will not bore you; that is, if you have decided to let me make it.'

"'Go ahead, by all means,' I replied. 'I shall be interested.'

"He thanked me, and went back on the stage. He talked for 20 minutes in a very eloquent, smooth way about hypnotism, and called several men up to be hypnotized. He made them do a number of laughable things, and then asked them to take their seats in the audience. While he was doing this, I saw a change come over his face that I could not interpret. He seemed to become depressed. He leaned forward, with a hand on each side of his table, and said: 'Now, gentlemen, I am going to show you a mechanical arrangement that will interest you.' Then he turned and went behind the scenes.

"It did not take me half a minute to smell a mouse. I sprang over the footlights, and surprised the boy who had been assisting him by suddenly rushing into the dressing-room.

"'Where is Mr. Farleigh?' I asked.

"'Gone,' the boy replied. 'He told me to tell you he had changed his mind and would not wait for you. The lecture is off for to-night.'

"'Which way did he go?' I asked.

"'The stage door, sir,' said the boy.

"I tried the door. It was locked on the outside. It would have been folly to force it. He had escaped me. I went quietly out at the front door, leaving the audience impatiently waiting for the return of the lecturer and his 'mechanical arrangement.' Since then I have been searching every possible hole that a man might have run into, but am dead tired, and have been taken in worse than I ever was before."

"Remarkable," said Dr. Lampkin, thoughtfully. "I can't make it out. Do you think he did it for the fun of the thing?"

"No. I'm sure he really meant to keep his word," said Hendricks, "and that something suddenly caused him to change his plans."

"Perhaps it was the awful fear of the gallows brought vividly to his mind by seeing you there," suggested Dr. Lampkin.

Hendricks made no reply, but, with corrugated brow and impatient stride, continued his walk to and fro.

"Lie down here," said the doctor. "Relax your body, and let me put you to sleep. This sort of thing will do no good; you won't be able to work tomorrow."

Hendricks threw himself on the lounge, but at the sound of footsteps on the stairs sprang up expectantly.

"Thank God!" he muttered. The door opened, and a messenger boy in blue uniform entered and handed the detective a letter. "It is from our man," said Hendricks, as he opened it.

"Dear Sir," the letter said—"I did not want to break faith with you this evening, but I had to do it. The truth is, something occurred to me that I must attend to before giving myself up, and I was afraid you would not give me the time. I want as little sensation over this matter as possible, on account of my sister and my little nephew, whose name I so thoughtlessly used. Through them you have me in your power. I would not otherwise give up so easily. I confess I killed Richard N. Strong. He deliberately robbed me, and has wrecked my life. I heard he was about to marry a young lady, and that was 'the straw,' as the saying is. I hypnotized Whidby, and tried to make him commit the deed, but failed. My first intention was to lay the crime on him, but after I left the house I wrote the notes and scattered them about town to keep the young man from being suspected. I hated them both, one for stealing, and the other for being the person who would eventually get the benefit of the money, but I could not let another suffer for a deed of mine. If you come, as soon as you get this, to 567 Mott street, where I have a room—top floor front—you may do with me as you like. I shall wait for you.

"THOMAS HAMPTON FARLEIGH."

"Is it a trap?" asked Dr. Lampkin, when he had read the letter.

Hendricks was silent.

"Any answer, sir?" The messenger boy stood waiting in the open doorway.

"No. But wait," cried the detective. "Do you know what time this message was left at your office?"

"About nine, sir, I think. The instructions were to deliver it exactly at one o'clock."

"Ah!" Hendricks pulled his beard thoughtfully, as he looked at a clock on the wall. "You are punctual."

"The man said that it must be taken exactly on time."

"Tall, gray-haired, dark-skinned fellow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has anyone called to ask about it since it was left?"

"No, sir. I have been in the office ever since."

The conversation paused for a moment; then the detective seemed to collect his thoughts with a start. He gave the boy a quarter.

"Call a cab for us at once, as you go out. Have it at the door." He turned to the doctor as the boy went down the stairs.

"We must go to Mott street at once. Are you sure you feel like it?"

"Nothing could please me more. It seems to me that you have been doing all the work. I want to get into it."

CHAPTER XIX.

Hardly a more disreputable spot could have been found in all New York than the immediate vicinity of the house to which they had been directed. Along the street were several opium dens, dimly lighted, and on the corner, not far away, a man was selling hot sausages from a steaming vessel over a charcoal fire.

As Hendricks and the doctor were alighting from the cab near the house to which they were going, a solitary policeman approached, and was about to pass, when Hendricks called to him. The detective introduced himself and told the astonished fellow to stand in readiness near the door of No. 567. The policeman consented, evidently highly flattered at being in the service of the famous detective.

As they went up the steps to the little stoop Hendricks advised the policeman to pass on, so as not to be noticed by whoever opened the door. The detective rang. There was a faint light shining through the grimy transom over the door, but no sound came from within.

Hendricks rang again, and when the clanging of the bell had died away a door beneath the stoop opened, a chain rattled against an iron gate, and a woman half clad and with hair disheveled came out amidst a heap of garbage and ash barrels and glared up at them.

"What do ye want?" she asked crustily.

"We have an appointment with a Mr. Farleigh, who has a room here, I think," Hendricks replied.

"A purty time o' night for it!" snarled the woman. "But I promised the gintleman to let ye in, an' so, if ye'll wait till I come up, I'll open the door."

In a minute she admitted them.

"Ye was to go up to his room—the top floor front; ye can't miss it. I would go up ahead o' ye, but I'm that stiff that—"

"We'll get there all right," Hendricks interrupted, passing her. "We won't be long. Would you mind leaving the door unlocked?"

"Not at all, sir," she replied. The detective thanked her, and went up the stairs.

The door of the room in the front, on the top floor, was closed. There was a transom over it, but no light shone through. Hendricks knocked and waited. Then he put his hands on the latch. As he did so, Dr. Lampkin drew his revolver.

Hendricks laughed grimly. "Put it up," he muttered. "You won't need it."

The door was not fastened. Hendricks pushed it open, and as he did so some strips of cotton batting fell to the floor from the side and the top. The room was very dark. The outside blinds had been closed, and the curtains drawn, so that no light came in from the street below nor from the moon above.

The detective struck a match, and lighted the gas near the door. The yellow glare filled the room and revealed a gruesome sight. A bed stood in the righthand corner, and on his side, his face to the windows, lay the body of a man. A 44-caliber, old-style pistol had been tied to the back of a chair in such a way that the muzzle was within three inches of a dark hole in the man's temple.

"Original idea!" was Hendricks' first observation. He pointed to a faint line of ashes from the chair, across the bare floor, to the airhole of a little stove in the fireplace.

"I can't understand it," said Dr. Lampkin, stooping to examine the ashes.

Hendricks opened the door of the stove.

"I have never seen this method before," he said, reflectively. "The line of ashes was made by a fuse running from the tube of the pistol to a candle in the stove. See, here are the remains of the wick, and some of the tallow. The fuse was fastened in the end of the candle; he lit it, closed the door of the stove, to keep the light from disturbing him, and lay there waiting for it to burn down to the fuse and thus fire the pistol. It must have been his intention to have death come upon him while he was asleep."

"My God! what an idea!" exclaimed Dr. Lampkin. "I see. He calculated on a painless death by hypnotizing himself to sleep."

"Can it be done?" asked Hendricks.

"Hardly," the doctor replied. "I don't think the creature was ever born who could, in that way, put himself to sleep while facing eternity, especially after committing a crime. His conscience would not allow it." Dr. Lampkin bent forward, and made a close examination of the dead man's features. "Poor fellow!" he said. "He evidently tried to sleep. I think he wanted to be found with a smile on his face. But he failed. Even in death he shows the awful dread he must have had. There is no doubt that he menially suffered. Do you know what a friend of mine is doing? He is making a study of the features of the dead, for the purpose of scientifically proving to people who don't believe in the immortality of the soul that there is a future life. He says if only our sight were educated sufficiently we could read on the faces of dead people expressions that could not be put there by mortal thought—expressions that are formed just as the awakened soul is leaving the body. I agree with him that it is a great field for study. He is an artist, and has painted the strongest picture that I have ever seen. It is the living face of a man distorted by the worst of human passions, and by its side is the same face, after death, wearing the spiritual expression I mentioned."

"I hope," Hendricks remarked, with a shudder, as he glanced at the dead man's features, "your friend would not argue that the horrible expressions on the faces of some suicides would prove that—that they have no—chance, you know."

"Not at all," replied the doctor. "He says the soul is simply separated from the body so hastily that there is no time for it to leave its real expression. But we are certainly on a gruesome subject. I suppose Farleigh used the cotton batting to close up the chinks in the door, to deaden the sound of the pistol."

Hendricks nodded, lowered the gas, and led his friend down to the street. He hastily explained to the policeman what had happened, and told him to stand guard at the place till he could summon the coroner.

"I suppose you are going to notify the coroner the first thing you do," observed Dr. Lampkin, as they were entering a telegraph office on Broadway. Hendricks took a blank from the desk, and, without replying, hastily wrote a message. When he had finished it, he handed it to his friend, with a hearty smile.

"That's the first thing on the programme, and I thank God that I am able to do it."

"Miss Annette Delmar," ran the message—"Murderer of Strong just suicided, leaving complete confession. Whidby shall be released to-morrow.

"LAMPKIN AND HENDRICKS."

"Will it be so soon as that?" the doctor asked.

"Yes; a telegraphic report from the chief of police here will do the work. I can manage that. But the little girl will be happy enough when she gets this telegram."

"Now you will inform the coroner, I suppose," said Lampkin.

"Not before I fire a message at Whidby," said Hendricks. "There is no hurry about the other. It won't take a coroner's jury long to give a verdict when they read the confession."

The next day at 12 o'clock Hendricks called at Dr. Lampkin's office. He found the doctor alone.

"It's all right!" he exclaimed. "I thought you'd want to feel sure about it, so I ran up. The news has just reached the police here that everything is satisfactory. Whidby is out by this time. Here's something you are interested in." He handed the doctor a telegram.

It was as follows:

"Miss Annette Hendricks and Dr. Lampkin, New York:

"God bless you both! I never was so happy in my life. Papa went with me to the jail to see Alfred. I am dying to thank you personally. Do come down if you possibly can.

"ANNETTE DELMAR."

Dr. Lampkin folded the telegram and put it into the envelope. Hendricks had thrown himself on a lounge, and was gazing up at the ceiling.

"Well, shall you go?" Dr. Lampkin asked.

"I hardly know," said the detective. "It would be nice to see that boy and girl happy together and know that we had something to do with it. If I had failed to carry my point in Whidby's case it would have driven me crazy; I should never have tried to do another piece of detective work so long as I lived. But I can't get away easily just now, for I have the Sixth avenue jeweler's matter to dig at. Perhaps we can both go a little later."

THE END.

A Cute Prophet.

A man who had lost a leg, witnessing some wonderful cures said to have been performed by Mormon preachers, joined that sect in the hope of getting healed. The preachers referred him to Young as the only prophet among them capable of treating such cases as his. So off to Salt Lake City he went and presented himself before Young. The Mormon leader was equal to the emergency. He assured the man he could cause another limb to come in place of the lost member, but called his attention to the fact that he had but a few years yet to live, while there was an eternity beyond the grave. "And if I now give you another leg," said the prophet, "you will not only have this one when you get to Heaven, but also the one which you lost, so you will go through all eternity on three legs." Horrified by such a prospect the man retired, satisfied to get through the remainder of his years on earth with the aid of his crutches.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Suits of a uniform color and pattern for soldiers in the British army date from 1674, when the Foot guards were clad in gray. The introduction of a regular uniform for sailors dates from 1748, when the "blue-jacket" became customary.

Not to Be Trusted.

"That man Nibley isn't to be trusted. He'd take advantage of you quicker than a wink if he saw a chance to do so."

"How do you know that?"

"I overheard him and his wife in an argument last night, and when he saw that she was getting ahead of him he yelled: 'Look out! There's a mouse!'"—Cleveland Leader.

An Immutable Law.

"Variety's the spice of life;"
You cannot rearrange it.
Even a hundred-dollar bill
Is no good till you change it.
—Washington Star.

OUT OF SIGHT.

1.—Mrs. Sharper—This is the best scheme that I've found to keep John from drinking. It works splendidly.

2.—John (to himself)—Bet your life it does.—N. Y. Herald.

A Plausible Guess.

"What makes them refer to race horses as 'flyers,' Charley?" inquired young Mrs. Torkins.

And after profound contemplation her husband answered: "I don't know unless it's because riches have wings."—Washington Star.

Among the Micawbers.

Pollywog—I suppose it will be pretty quiet in the Klondike all winter.

Jollydog—Well, I don't know; I expect there will be a good many things turn up there.

Pollywog—What?

Jollydog—Toes.—Town Topics.

In Union There Is Strength.

"Why is it," asked the philosopher, "that misfortunes never come singly?"

"Can't say," replied the other man, "unless it is that, on account of the reception they get, they're afraid to travel alone."—N. Y. Journal.

Her Loss Was His Gain.

Bullett—Lambely made $50,000 by a single transaction in oil yesterday.

Bearett—Is it possible? How did he manage it?

Bullett—A rich aunt of his tried to start a fire with a can of it.—Chicago News.

In Clover.

Rev. Dr. Primrose—You say if you had a good suit of clothes you would be able to make a living?

Weary Raggles—Yes, sir. Den dey wudn't chase me away from de free lunch.—N. Y. World.

Why Pete Got Off.

Vigilant—Jedge, this makes th' fifth time th' blamed rope has broke.

Judge—Wall, let him go. This har community can't afford t' waste any more valuable hemp on sech a wuthless cuss es Pete.—N. Y. World.

His Natural Protector.

"I never let my husband go to a church bazar without me."

"Why not?"

"Because those other women would sell him every useless and expensive thing in the place."—Chicago Record.

Impatient.

He—I told your father that we expected to be married next month, and he was wild.

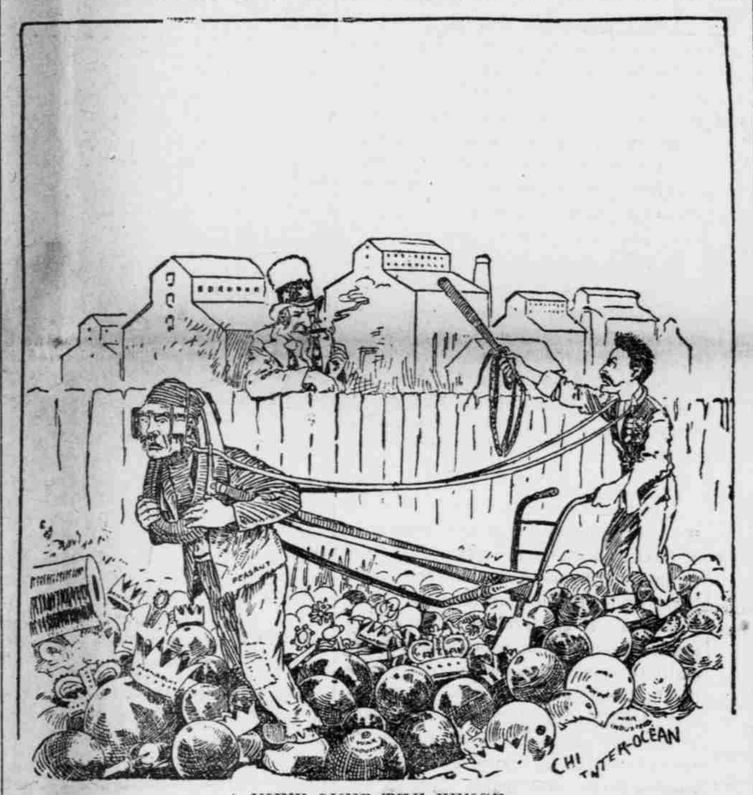
She—What did he say?

He—He wanted to know why we couldn't make it next week.—Puck.

Julius Cæsar's Job.

"What do you know of Julius Caesar?" was a question at a recent school examination.

"He wrote elementary Latin works for the lower forms," was the written reply.—Household World.



A VIEW OVER THE FENCE.

Count Goluchowski—Say, American competition is ruining us Europeans.
Uncle Sam—And then, again, perhaps that soil needs clearing.

Depends on the Kind.

"Is it true that Mr. Jones talks like a book?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "like one of these ungrammatical dialect novels."—Chicago Post.

Applied Reason.

"There are things in this world more valuable than money, my son."

"I know it. That's the reason I want money to buy them with."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was All Right.

"They say that the Italian count she married turned out to be an organ-grinder."

"Well, at any rate he had a handle to his name."—Brooklyn Life.

A Tramp's Excuse.

"Would you work if you had a chance?"

"Madam, it is against my principles to have anything to do with games of chance."—N. Y. Truth.

A Fading Impression.

"What was that man to whom you owed just now?"

"I can't remember what his name is, but it seems to me I used to be engaged to him."—Chicago Record.

The Only War to Learn.

"How did you learn to skate?" a little boy was asked.

"Oh," was the innocent but significant answer, "by getting up every time I fell down."—Tit-Bits.

Everything Goes.

Editor—I wrote it "survey." You have it "scurvy."

Proof Reader—It's about Alaska. What's the difference?—N. Y. Truth.

Lapsus Linguae.

Physician—Put out your tongue.

Patient—Oh, doctor, no tongue can do justice to the torments I am suffering.—Enquire Within.

A Moral Certainty.

It surely would suppress for good
The stage-obscuring bonnet,
If the Chicago maiden should
Put her foot down upon it.
—Harlem Life.

No Secret.

"How do you keep your cat
So sleek and fat?
"Why, that's the least of labors.
We only have to keep
Him here to sleep,
He boards 'round with the neighbors."
—Chicago Tribune.

A Bleak Prospect.

Bill Collector (authoritatively)—I wish to see Mr. Neverpay immediately.

Shrewd Servant—You can't see him now. He's gone to bed, so we can wash his flannels.—N. Y. Weekly.

BLIND LOVE.

Daughter—Papa, did you know mamma long before you married her?

Papa—No, I didn't know her until long after we were married.—Up-to-Date.

A Good Recommendation.

Mother—Do you think Mr. Harvey is a nice young man?

Beatrice—Why, yes, mamma. He's been engaged to six of the swellest girls in the city.—Judge.

After Taking.

"It is true I can't sing very well," said the cat that had just swallowed the canary, "but I have a good deal of music in me, all the same."—Chicago Tribune.

Made Herself Heard.

"Did your cook leave you without notice?"

"Not exactly. We heard the explosion."—Town Topics.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The Woman's Missionary society of the Methodist Episcopal church has raised during the past year $313,937, the largest sum in any year of its history.

—The first of the Booth-Tucker colonies in the west has been established at Soledad, in California. Another is to be organized in the Arkansas valley, in Colorado, where the Salvation Army commander has an option in a 3,000-acre tract.

—The Chicago synod of the Reformed Episcopal church stands loyally by Bishop Cheney in his protest against the action of the general council in regard to ecclesiastical vestments. The English synod has also expressed its sympathy with the protest against restrictive legislation.

—The Presbyterian board of foreign missions reports the receipt in October of $36,181, an advance of $873 on the receipts for October, 1896. The total receipts since May 1 have been $176,269, a gain over the previous year of $1,986. Toward the debt of $97,454 there have been received in cash and pledges $33,706, leaving $63,747 to be raised.

—The Methodist Freedman's Aid society, which has just held its annual meeting in Brooklyn, reports receipts of $261,562 during the year. The expenditures were $292,439. There are in the south, it was stated, 262,038 colored and 320,229 white communicants, a gain the past year of 1,816 colored and 6,015 white communicants. The society has 47 schools, with 9,213 students.

—The Church extension society of the Methodist Episcopal church held its annual session recently in Philadelphia, where its headquarters are. The report of the treasurer shows receipts from conference collections and other sources of $158,863; from gifts, which go to swell the capital, $22,956, and from loans returned $59,678, making a total for the year of $241,497. Donations of $57,325 were granted, and loans of $79,200.

QUEER WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Words Whose Meanings Vary According to the Country Where Used.

Of special interest to the exporting merchants of the United States is the compilation recently issued by the state department of the weights and measures of foreign countries. All the information given is valuable and some of it is decidedly curious. Thus, the word "barrel" in Spain, used alone, means 100 pounds of raisins; but in Malta it is the official custom term for 11.4 gallons.

The word "candy" in India means 500 pounds in Madras and 529 pounds in Bombay. In the Spanish language "pie" means a measure equal to nine-tenths of the English foot. On the other hand, a person calling for a "sho," pronounced "shoe," in Japan receives 1 6-10 quarts of something.

In Germany the word "last" refers to two metric tons, or 4,400 pounds English; but in England it stands for 2½ bushels of dry malt. "Dun" is Japanese for one inch and "li" Chinese for 2,115 feet.

In Palestine "rottle" means 6 pounds, but only 5¼ pounds in the neighboring country, Syria. "Seer" is Indian for 1 pound and 13 ounces. "Salm" is Maltese for 490 pounds, and "pund" Russian for 36 pounds.

A "catty" in China, Japan and Java means 1 1-3 pounds, but in Sumatra it means nearly twice that weight. The word "coyau" is Sarawak for 3 pounds and Siamese for 2½ pounds.

The Spanish word "fanega" has probably the most diversified meaning of any in the list. Standard Spanish dictionaries describe it as a common unit of dry measure, nearly equivalent to the English bushel, and so in truth it is in Spain, but in Chili it means 2½ bushels; in Uruguay, 3.88 bushels; in Venezuela and Central America, 1½ bushels. In Colombia the word has for the most part retained its original meaning, but locally the usage varies; thus, on the west coast, a fanega of salt is 110 pounds, and in El Choco a fanega of corn is only 32 pounds. Here it may be parenthetically remarked that the Spanish language abounds in words of a metaphorical meaning. Thus, from "fanega," a bushel, is derived "fanegada," a small farm, and "a fanegadas," abundance of plenty. A farmer asked about his crops would reply, in case the yield was abundant, "a fanegadas," and it would be equally proper to say of a man who had money to burn, "plata a fanegadas," meaning that he had bushels of money.

"Arroba" is a measure of weight meaning 32 1-3 pounds in Brazil and 25 1-3 pounds throughout the rest of South America. "Arshure" is a Russian yard of 28 English inches. Most European countries have adopted the metric system and metres; kilos and litres are in common use, but some queer names of widely different meaning still linger in Denmark and Sweden. For example, "tonde" in Denmark means 3.94 bushels, while "tunna" in Sweden means 4½ bushels. Again, "tondland" in Denmark means 1.36 acres, while "tunnland" in Sweden means 1.22 acres.—N. Y. Sun.

From the Tennessee Mountains.

A young man and young lady were walking hand-in-hand out Cedar street west of the capitol. They seemed mentally disturbed about something. Suddenly they stopped, and he accosted a passing footman with the question:

"Say, mister, kin you tell me the way to the upper gap?"

The gentleman addressed was nonplussed.

"I don't understand," he said.

"We want ter go ter th' Centennial, an' are lookin' fer the upper gap."

The dawn of intelligence appeared on the countenance of the gentleman, and he directed the rural pair to the Cedar street entrance.—Nashville Banner.

Not Quite Useless.

Teacher—So you've forgotten already what I told you yesterday. What's the use of your head, Johnny Miggs?

Johnny Miggs—Please, sir, to keep my collar on.—Pick Me Up.